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1922

Short Gems
for Remembrance

A Collection of Short Gems

for

Remembering

"Anniversary Days"

and

helping with "thoughtful little things"

to enrich the home-life

for

greater happiness and

higher thought

From the Pen of

John T. Short

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This Book
is
Dedicated to My Loving Wife
through whose Love
for the
Home Life and Devotion to all things
tending to
Happiness and Ideal Living
the Author is
indebted for many
of these
Beautiful Thoughts and
Inspirations

Foreword

The object of publishing this collection of "remembrances" is not for the purpose of seeing them in print, but the great desire to help inculcate in the minds of my readers the thought of how much we may help each other through life and make it brighter and better by remembering anniversaries. The writer has derived more happiness from these "little things" than he could measure up, and knows what joy it has given those who were "remembered." If the author can only add one convert to the list, he will consider himself rewarded for sending forth this little book.

A bunch of flowers
And a line or two
For "someone's day,"
Brings joy to you.

Anniversary Remembrances

Mothers' Day

'Tis Mothers' Day! oh, sacred word,
The sweetest one we've ever heard;
There's no one here on earth, I know,
Whose heart is not at all aglow
When Mother's voice rings in your ears
And helps to gladden passing years.

'Tis Mothers' Day! oh, what joy
I do recall when just a boy!
There is no sweeter sight to see
Than a little child at mother's knee,
With laughter, smiles and happiness,
Climbing to quiet restfulness.

When sickness comes, who never
sleeps—
But like a sentinel strict vigil keeps?
Mother!

Whose listening ear awaits the gate,
For boy or girl, although so late?
Mother!

Who shares the joy and sorrow, too;
Forgets herself,—but thinks of you?
Mother!

All Mother asks for in return
Is that her children each shall learn
To live the life of truth and love,
And revere her sweet name far above.

"God bless Mother," make our prayer,
In loving memory everywhere.
Then don our smile—it is worth while,
For Mothers' Day—all honor!
Bring her flowers, in fragrant showers,
And love her till tomorrow.

Wedding Bells

The bells ring out tonight—
Just for two;
With a message clear and light—
Joy to you.
May each anniversary bring
Memories sweet;
And happier make the "ring"—
Love that's deep.

The bells ring out tonight—
Oh, glorious sound;
May health, and all that's bright,
For you abound;
And friends, for Auld Lang Syne,
Take thy hand,
With best wishes—thee and thine,
Throughout the land.

The Silver Wedding Anniversary

May the Silver bring the Golden,
And the scenes along the way
Abound with smiles and sunshine,
For happiness each day;
May love and peace be always yours,
As hand in hand you clasp;
For "Hearts of Oak" will always prove
True blue until the last.

The Golden Wedding

We are gathered here today to congratulate and honor two "young people" who started out in life together fifty years ago before the altar of God and pledged their troth, each to the other, to "love and cherish" until life doth end. It is our great privilege to be present and see how sacred they have kept those promises of "fifty years ago." Turn the picture back a few years and we see them blessed with children, each doing their part nobly to raise them up in the path of righteousness, and we thank God that those children stand today an honor to their parents and their country. It would not be possible to pen my feelings on this glorious occasion because there is not a more beautiful picture in our journey through the forest of this life than two true and brave hearts that have traveled "together" from "sweet-

hearts" to "friends," from "friends" to "chums," and then on to "dear old sweethearts," until they have reached the crowning day, "The Golden Wedding." As they turn their memories back and listen to the chimes of those wedding bells of long ago, we see them lifting their hearts in thankfulness for many blessings, and also that they are "hand in hand" and "heart in heart." What an inspiration and sermon their lives should be to those of us who are starting where they commenced, and to those of us who are "farther along." How much brighter and happier the world would be if we could only have more of these beautiful celebrations.

Let us keep sacred our vow, "to love and cherish," as they have, and as we congratulate our honored "Golden Bride and Groom," bid them Godspeed.

Our Golden Wedding Day

O, Golden Day of wedded life!
'Tis fifty years I've called thee wife.
The time has sped 'midst care and joy;
Methinks I were again a boy,
Wooing thee, as in those days of old,
When thy tresses were a wreath of gold,
And the glow of youth upon thy cheek.

Time's gentle hand hath touched thy head,
And left its mark with silver thread;
But sweeter grows "old love's sweet song,"
As hand in hand we pass along.
You've been to me through all these years,
My only sweetheart, that time endears,
With the smile of love upon thy cheek.

Tonight I repeat those words to thee:
"To love and cherish" whate'er may be.
You brought me happiness — and crowning joys
With one sweet girl, two bonnie boys;
And to hear those little voices call
'Mother, dear," was the best of all,
With a look of peace upon thy cheek.

Ere we go, dear, to join the throng
In merry laughter and joyous song;
With heart so light, staunch and true,
I raise my glass and drink to you:
"Good health, dear heart, till the journey's run."
And now I salute thee — the prize I won—
With a kiss of love upon thy cheek.

Mother's Birthday

We bring to you the sweetest flowers
Our loving hearts could find,
And kindest thoughts for one whose love
We hold, and closer bind—
Mother.

Our memories wander back to years
So swiftly left behind;
And see the one unselfish love—
Whose heart was always kind—
Mother.

We pray tonight that every path
May lead to peace and rest;
And year by year with happiness
May you be doubly blest—
Mother.

My Wife's Birthday

The morn breaks o'er the earth;
Our hearts with thee rejoice
In gladness for this day—
The birthday of my choice.

The birds in fullest song,
Sing sweetly unto thee;
Their note a joyful one—
"May this day happy be."

The flowers salute thee, too,
In brightest, prettiest dress;
With beauty and sweet perfume,
For my dearest one—the best.

The children bring their posies, too,
In happiness, bright and gay;
With little hearts of love and cheer
For many happy returns today.

My Friend's Birthday

Greetings, this morn, old friend, true,
Best wishes and thoughts today for you;
Out into the great forest of life,
Lending a hand 'gainst sorrow and strife;

Bright be your smile, firm be your step,
Steadfast in purpose, sincerity kept.
Leading from darkness, showing the light,
Making life's battle each day more bright.

Give me your hand, I give you mine;
Long may our hearts in friendship twine;
So I greet you, old friend, true,
With many happy returns to you.

Mother's Birthday

"In happy moments, day by day,"
May smiling health light up thy cheek;
"And for Bonnie Annie Laurie"
We're here today to greet.

"Her face it is the fairest,"
And warms old friendship's heart;
"The Girl I left behind me,"
We ne'er from her will part.

"Hearts are light and life seems bright,"
When Mother's 'round the Home;
"It's a long, long way to Tipperary,"
And we do not like to roam.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"
Well, not while we are here;

"Where my heart is, I am going,"
Because 'tis Mother, dear.

"Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue,"
With many happy returns to you;
"We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,"
And we're very glad we knew.

Mother's Smile

There are smiles that last a minute,
And then quickly fade away;
There are smiles that make you shiver,
Like wind on a stormy day;
There are smiles that make you doubtful,
As you watch them weakly play;
But the smile that Mother gave me,
Is the smile I know will stay.

Grandma's Birthday

(This acrostic was written for an old lady who had been blind for ten years.)

*T*oday we greet you, grandma, dear,
*O*n the anniversary of your eightieth
year;

*G*od grant that you may always hear
*R*ich voices, with their kindly cheer,
*A*nd the patter of those little feet,
*N*e'er to let sweet memories sleep.
*D*ay by day may happy thoughts
*M*usic bring in silent hour,
*A*nd give peace beyond our power.

Christmas Greetings

"Little Greetings"
To My "Grown-Up" Friends

LITTLE drops of KINDNESS,
  Scattered along the way,
Gives pleasure to the sower,
  And brings a brighter day.

Little thoughts for FELLOWSHIP
  Will pay "one hundred per,"
And help you in your daily life,
  So send—without demur.

Little SMILES will always grow—
  So never let one "slide"—
And "little things" all help to make
  A joyous Christmas-tide.

Little drops of FRIENDSHIP
  Run through these lines to you;
And wishes for your happiness
  In years both Old and New.

The Christmas Tree

Where are sweeter memories found
Than when the family's gathered
'round
The Christmas Tree.

Each one wants to have a part
To gladden some child's little heart
At the Christmas Tree.

When Christmas morn is ushered in,
Each child's ready with a vim
For the Christmas Tree.

Looking round with eager eye,
Trying the lovely things to spy
On the Christmas Tree.

How they dance with wondrous joy,
When each one gets some pretty toy
From the Christmas Tree.

Let's cherish the pleasant hours we found
When loved ones each year gathered 'round
The Christmas Tree.

With joyous wish: "good health, good cheer,"
And may we meet again next year
At the Christmas Tree.

Greetings

May the "spark" of good health, prosperity, and happiness "electrify" your whole being, "light" up the windows of your soul with contented smiles, and bring to you many constant and sincere friends.

My Wish to You

A bill of Health—
A gift most dear—
Each day, each week,
Each month, each year.

A heart that's light;
A friend that's true;
Each year that's Old,
Each year that's New.

A hand that's firm—
A thought that's kind—
Each one with love
Each other bind.

Let us be old-fashioned and cherish "the old, old spirit"—the Christmas spirit—love, contentment, happiness—and scatter a little more "peace and goodwill among men" each year as we journey on.

Just Count Me In

When the holly hangs within the Hall,
And the house is bright and gay;
When the tree is trimmed with dainty things
For a happy Christmas day—
Just count me in.

When the children's voices mingle
In joy and sweet delight;
When all is peace and harmony
For a happy Christmas night—
Just count me in.

When happy thoughts will bring to you
A smile for every day;
When a word or two of cheer will help
Along life's varied way—
Just count me in.

When the chimes ring out the year
that's old
And ring in the year that's new;
When you check your list of steadfast
friends,
Who wish the best for yours and
you—
Just count me in.

For Auld Lang Syne

An old-time thought I send to you,
For Auld Lang Syne and aye:
I wish that you may happy be
This coming Christmas Day!

May health, the best, upon you wait
Each day that follows on;
And with the New Year's open gate,
May life be one sweet song!

"Old Friends"

In the quiet hours of eventide,
When the lights so dimly shine,
Sometimes you sit and ponder things,
And kind o' look behind.

You see the loaded Christmas tree,
And hear the pattering feet
Of children who are now grown up,
And once again you greet

That happy band of smiling health,
As in the days of yore—
Although those days have long since passed,
You treasure more and more.

And as each Christmas comes around,
Its spirit comes to you—
You sit and ponder over things,
And think of friendships true.

You see old faces gather round
With laughter and with smile;
You catch the spirit in the air,
And hope 'twill hold awhile.

You hear the strains of "Auld Lang Syne"
Wafted out through the night,
And long for the "cup o' kindness yet"
That kept your heart so light.

And then the picture fades away,
But your memory "carries on,"
And as you ponder over things,
Your heart fills up with song.

And so you sit and meditate
At the close of each short year,
Alone in the quiet eventide
And feel "old friends" so near.

Just a Smile

(Written for Christmas at the Close of the Great World War, 1918.)

Just a smile at Christmastide,
To brush the clouds away;
Just a thought for other folk,
To bring a brighter day.
Just a word of cheer for you
To pass on through the land;
Just a line across the sea
To praise our brave boys' stand.
Just pass the smile as days go by,
To start the year anew;
Just keep the home fires burning
To bring "our boys" to you.

Now the war is o'er and peace has come,
Heralded in with beat of drum,
And martial strains of music, too,
Bringing the joyful news to you,

Those wondrous words will ring again:
"Peace on earth, goodwill to men";
And o'er each face a smile will rest
Whose heart speaks out: "I did my best!"

Greetings

With a little piece of paper,
And a little drop of ink,
How close we come together,
To help each other think.

It only takes a minute
To write a line or two—
But it warms up rusty memories,
And makes them bright and new.

So I take this piece of paper,
With a little drop of ink,

And write it down for Friendship,
To tell you what I think.

I think of you in Springtime,
When the trees their leaves unfold,
And the earth puts on its gladness
With flowers from blue to gold.

I think of you in Summer,
When the harvest's ripe again,
And the busy reaper's happy song
Rings out in sweet refrain.

I think of you in Autumn,
When nature sheds her dress;
When withered leaves begin to fall,
To give the trees a rest.

And then again at Christmas
My thoughts go out to you,
And wish you all the smiling health
With every morn anew.

A Prayer for Peace

O, mighty God, in faith and trust,
Unite all nations, that swords may rust;
Lift up men's hearts with love for good,
And bring the world to Brotherhood.
The greed for gold has wrung the earth;
But now, O God, bind to our girth
Love for Peace, and love for work;
Teach us all 'tis sin to shirk.
Help men rise from war's desolation,
And come to Thee for consecration.

The Higher Thought

Thought

O, Thought, thou art a sacred thing,
When used to strengthen friendship's
kin!
Mighty is thy power for good—
For Peace and Justice—and thou could
Bring each man's heart to beat aright,
And make this world a field of Light.
Shut off the dark and evil Thought,
That's both despair and misery
brought.

O, precious Thought, how can'st thou
heed
The voice of hatred, murder, greed?
Why waste God's glorious gift on
gloom,
To make life's journey a living tomb?
Happiness will everywhere abound
With cheerful, helpful Thought
around.
Light up your mind, both day and
night,

With loving, hopeful Thought for
right.

O, noble Thought, fill full the heart
With kindness for a manly part;
Help to uplift the fallen man;
Extend to him a brother's hand;
Give thy strength to make him stand
Upright, happy, courageous, grand—
Turn thy Thought to the rising sun:
For peace on earth, "Thy will be
done!"

Happy Days

Breathe of the morning sunshine,
Drink of the air so fresh!
Smile with the budding flowerlet,
'Twill bring you perfect rest.

Pray as the morn is dawning,
Pray as the dewdrops fall,
Pray when the sun is setting,
Pray for faith at the call.

The Spirit of Life

Is your life what you wish?
Do you catch the fresh kiss
That God sends with the breeze each morn?
Salute the sweet flower,
That makes earth such a bower,
And give thanks to him that you're born.

Good deeds will bring peace;
Kind thoughts will increase
Your happiness day after day;
Get all that is good—
God intended you should—
Put His Spirit into your clay.

Shall We Be Up and Doing?

Shall we be up and doing
To right the wrongs today;
Or shall we be indifferent,
Like lumps of moulded clay?

What would Christ be doing?
Let's ponder o'er that thought.
Shall we follow in His footsteps,
Or let His Word be naught?

Shall we sleep while the world trembles
For men to put it right?
Shall we let its glory wither
And be wanting in His sight?

Come! Be up and doing;
Find men to lead us out.
Work to install His spirit
And clear away men's doubt.

The world is full of beauty;
If we bring men to see
That God is Love, Faith and Hope,
And draw near unto Thee.

The Whistling Parson

He had the Spirit of Morning
As he went whistling 'long;
And once in a while, with contented
smile,
His voice arose in song.

The morn was damp and heavy,
The people looked solemn and glum;
But he had the Spirit of Morning,
The faith of the Risen Son.

His mind was on his people,
Wishing that he might bring
Each one the Spirit of Morning;
With him His praises sing.

His face lights up with sunshine;
He enters the sick-room door
With the Master's message of faith
and hope,
Life eternal evermore.

The labor of love is seen in his face;
Cheer and comfort to everyone!
He goes on his rounds with joyful song,
And the words, "Thy Will be done!"

May you meet the whistling parson
With a smile on his happy face,
And catch the Spirit of Morning
Sent from the Lord of Grace.

Near to Nature

Beautiful flowers and fruit of God,
Drawn by the sun from 'neath the sod;
Here will I stand and watch you grow,
That I may learn the best to sow.
Here will I watch your leaves unfold,
And in my hands your beauty hold;
Your blossoms cheer the lonesome heart
And ofttimes teach us how to start
The higher thought for God-like mind,
And leave material things behind.

The Wandering Boy's Return

(The writer of these lines wishes he had the power to bring back many "a wandering boy" to the heart of the sorrowful mother, and give her happiness and peace.)

Mother, I'm far away tonight
From thy confidence, love and joy;
And I hear your dear old voice call out:
"Oh, where is my wandering boy?"

You taught me, in that long ago,
The path I ought to tread;
But I heeded not those loving words
Till I was almost dead.

Mother, dear, I plead in anguish
For the cause of all thy pain;
Oh, mother, speak! give me a chance
To prove myself a man again.

I wander back to childhood's time,
And picture days of happy bliss;
I truly want to make amends,
Receive again my mother's kiss.

Turn not from me, mother dear;
I've paid the price, and now will rise
To work, to earn, through every year,
Thy dearest love—man's greatest prize.

Bid me come—here let me kneel
On bended knee, and raise my voice
In prayer to God, as when a child—
You taught me how—and I'll rejoice.

There is no one upon this earth,
Can fill your place, my mother dear;
And all I ask is strength to prove
My love for thee—the past to clear.

Those silver threads upon thy head
Shall be revered in memory sweet;
Just take my hand, as when a boy,
And show the path—I'll truly keep.

Mother, dear, shed not those tears!
Dry your eyes—forget the past—
And turn your thoughts to happy years
With love from me until the last.

Baby

Lying in your cosy cradle,
Kicking up your feet,
Smiling, blessed little baby,
Innocent and sweet.

Lying in your cosy cradle,
Chewing on your ring,
Oh, wondrous little baby,
What happiness you bring.

Lying in its cosy cradle,
We hear a soft, fresh coo
Just before the dawn of day—
'Tis baby calling you.

And as we tiptoe gently o'er
To see if babe's awake,
We catch the sweetest morning smile,
And in our arms we take

That little babe with fingers cold,
But eyes of sparkling mirth,
Caressing it with tenderness,
Because we know its worth.

Our Baby

"A tiny feather from the wing of love, dropped into the sacred lap of Motherhood."

Our home today is full of joy!
The "king's" arrived—a bouncing boy!
You ought to see the chubby chap,
As he lays and kicks on nurse's lap.

He has no teeth, his head is bald;
Frank Gordon the baby's name is
called;
And he is the "cutest" thing
That "anyone" has ever seen.

Mother looks on so calm, serene;
Wishing, *perhaps*, it was a "queen";
But father says, with a happy smile:
"This boy will do—for a little while."

Let's love this dearest, grandest gift,
From God's great natural law;
And watch o'er him with tender care,
Belov'd and cherished by us all.

May this tiny feather from the wing of
love,
With all its wondrous beauty,
Lead us on in the righteous path
Of honor, love, and duty.

Dainty Little Baby

Dainty little shoelets,
Made for thy tiny feet,
By loving hands so tender,
To make you look so neat.

Dainty little tootsies,
Encased in pretty shoes;
Nothing could be sweeter
As baby lies and coos.

Dainty little darling,
Mother's love and joy;
God's great gift and blessing,
Our dear baby boy.

Looking West

In the evening of life
We review the past years;
We welcome the smiles,
And dismiss all our fears;
We look t'ward the West
As the sun sinks aglow,
And see there a vision—
And, in wisdom, we know
That out o'er the valley
Is the place where we rest—
To live on forever—
In peace with the blest.

Miscellaneous

Send a Message With Flowers

(The following is a suggestion to send anyone whom you know to be sick in the hospital.)

My dear friend:

I sincerely hope that you may reap a lasting benefit from the treatment here, and regain perfect health. *Try to help yourself by helping others.* We appreciate our friends when we are sick and helpless, and long for the smile that cheers and a word of encouragement. How our face lights up with joy when someone places a bouquet of flowers beside our bed, and how thankful we are to the sender.

Some of us are more fortunate than others—*we have friends and flowers,* but there are some in this hospital who have *not a friend to call or anyone to send them a reflection of God's beauty —a bouquet of flowers*—therefore let us share our good fortune with them.

The writer, from doing what he is asking you to do, knows what happiness there is in sending a few flowers to someone who is sick and lonesome in another part of the hospital. The message of thankfulness brought back by your nurse will help you. Try it.

The sending of flowers as suggested will mean a threefold happiness—happiness to you, happiness to the friends who sent them to you, and a great happiness to the lonesome soul you send them to.

Send the verses with your flowers—they were written in the hospital during sickness.

With sincere wishes for your speedy recovery and hoping you may enjoy many happy hours by trying to shed a little sunshine where it is needed.

Very sincerely,

Flowers

These flowers of the forest
Were sent to the florist,
    Then love sent them on to me;
I pass them along
With heart full of song,
    That others their beauty may see.

Sweet flowers bring sunshine
In sickness, in health time;
    And smiles to the lonesome, too;
They reflect God's glory,
And tell us a story,
    In various colors, so true.

Let us cherish the flowers
From God's beautiful bowers,
    And learn the lesson they teach:
That life is worth living—
For the pleasure of giving
    Brings happiness, if we reach.

Alice, I'm Waiting for Thee!

Do you remember the day we first met, dear,
"In the garden of old-fashioned roses?"
The birds' sweetest song brought love to the scene,
As you stood with your arms full of posies.
Your hair it was golden, and blown to the breeze;
And your face, full of beauty untold,
Made a picture for me I ne'er shall forget—
'Tis the one in my heart I still hold.

CHORUS

Alice! Alice! Alice, I'm waiting for thee!
I'll wait till the sun goes down in the west,

Till the silvery moon rises high o'er
the crest;
I'll come again, dear, in the spring
of the year,
And whisper this message of love in
your ear:
Alice! Alice! Alice, I'm waiting for
thee!

I met you again when the trees were in
bloom—
When the fragrance of Spring filled
the air;
I told you my thoughts had been
"Ever of Thee,"
And I asked you my fortune to
share.
We strolled through the orchard in
perfect delight
Until the sun went down in the
west;
Then you lifted your face with the
happiest smile,
And I knew that my love had been
blest.

Let us cherish the days long since passed away—
And the years that so happy have been;
Let us turn back the pages and live once again
Amidst the scene of our "Love's Young Dream."
There's naught to regret, dear, so let our hands clasp—
With each heart beating true, as of old;—
And I'll sing to you, dear, those words you so loved
When your tresses were sparkling with gold.

On the Russian River

We look out o'er the river,
  And take its beauty in;
We walk out through the orchard,
  Far from the city's din.

We sail along the water;
  We look in Nature's glass;
And there we see reflected
  The things we know will last.

We see the glorious sunshine
  And feel its presence warm;
To heal the tired and weary,
  Restore the most forlorn.

We stroll out in the moonlight,
  Among the redwood trees,
And feel the breath of heaven
  Which God sends with the breeze;

We stand and watch the twilight
As it changes into night;
And we wonder—and we wonder
Why all things are not right.

If we would study nature,
With good thoughts in our hearts,
I know we'd say: "God is Love,"
And strive to do our part.

So glide along the river,
And look in Nature's glass—
You'll see things there reflected
That will forever last;

See the heavens, the stars, the moon—
Which man can never mar;—
And bring you thoughts of higher
things
Before you "cross the bar."

To My Grandson

Good morning, little sunshine,
  Won't you call on me today?
There's lots of things I'll say to you
  If you will come my way.

But I suppose you're very busy
  In the sandbox or the yard;
Now have a care, my little boy,
  And do not play too hard.

Don't paint up all the pictures,
  Or run your horse too fast;
'Cause Grandpa wants to have a ride,
  So please to make him last.

"Play ball!" you little rascal,
  And do not run away;
Then Grandpa sure will see you—
  Well, almost any day.

The "Ness" Calendar

Follow out the thought for each month and it will prove the great Helpfulness which you so much desire.

January	Hopefulness
February	Cheerfulness
March	Willingness
April	Thoughtfulness
May	Friendliness
June	Fearlessness
July	Earnestness
August	Mirthfulness
September	Tenderness
October	Lovingness
November	Righteousness
December	Happiness

Patriotic Poems

(Written during the time America was engaged in the World War.)

Our Battle Cry

Ring out, ring out! America!
With Wilson's message clear!
Let everyone who loves this land
Shout "Freedom" far and near.
We give our hands, our hearts, our lives
At our country's earnest call,
To break the band of mighty kings
Who trammel Freedom's laws

Democracy! our battle cry,
Shall ring throughout the world!
For Liberty and Brotherhood
Our flag we hold unfurled.
Our fathers fought that we might live
As free men through and through—
Democracy! our battle cry,
Beneath Old Glory, true!

Ring out, ring out! America!
And when the cannons cease,
Democracy will sweep the world,
And bring a lasting peace.

Stretch forth our hands across the sea
With ideals in our heart;
And in the fight for Liberty,
Each take a noble part.

America and Freedom

"Rally round the Flag," boys,
For Freedom and for Right;
They've taunted us enough, boys,
And now we mean to fight.
Don't wait another day, boys,
But put the khaki on;
And as we march for Uncle Sam,
Make this our marching song:

CHORUS

America and Freedom,
Beneath the Stars and Stripes!
America and Manhood
Have always won our fights!
America and Brotherhood,
Our cry from sea to sea!
America and Unity!
Long may it ever be.

"Rally round the Flag," boys,
Old Glory's floating high;
And now it's up to you, boys,
To keep it in the sky.
Let's fight for Truth and Honor
Beneath our banner, true!
"The Stars and Stripes Forever"
Means Liberty for you.

For Liberty

Your boy and my boy,
In the khaki and the blue,
Will fight beneath Old Glory
For country and for you.
With pride they pace the stormy deck,
Or dig the trenches deep,
That we at home may happy be,
And Freedom always keep.

Your boy and my boy,
In the khaki and the blue,
Are fighting for our Allied cause
To start the world anew.

So let's be up and doing
Every hour each day for them,
And not forget we owe our lives
To Sons of Freedom's men.

America is calling you
In this, her hour of need,
To stand behind and ready,
Where'er the flag may lead.
No matter what we all may do;
What sacrifice we make;
'Tis worth it—yes, a thousand times—
Our Liberty's at stake.

The Minute Men—a sturdy band—
With hearts as pure as gold,
Will guard the home for Uncle Sam,
And never grow too old.
They'll "Keep the home fires burning,"
And hunt out every spy;
And make you do your duty, too,
Or know the reason why.

Your boy and my boy,
In the khaki and the blue,
Will bring the old flag back again
With glory unto you.
But everyone must do his share,
So cut out every bluff—
And damned be he who first cries:
"Hold, *I'm done, enough!*"

The Yanks Are Coming

Our boys are coming over
To help your boys to fight!
To fight the Allies' cause, boys,
And struggle for the right.
The Flag of Freedom leads us,
With "Victory" for our song!
Our boys are coming over—
And we are coming strong.

Our boys are coming over!
We've seen the handless child;
We've seen the wounded crucified—
The Hun gone torture wild.

We've seen brave France's ruined land,
Heroic Belgium's, too—
Our boys are coming over,
To fight 'long side o' you.

Our boys are coming over!
We salute as flags entwine,
And glory in your sturdiness
To hold the Allied line.
The orphan child, the sightless son,
Shall not cry out in vain;
Our boys are coming over,
The line with you to claim.

Our boys are coming over!
God grant that they may win;
Remove from earth the blighting curse,
Let "lasting peace" begin;
Let Freedom's banners wave as one
'Gainst mankind's foe—the Hun—
Our boys are coming over,
To "stick" till Victory's won.

"Hearts of Oak"

Hearts of Oak will never bend,
But steadfast stand until the end;
Looking onward, upward, ever
Bringing nations close together.
Hearts of Oak are stout and strong,
And always fight for right 'gainst
wrong;
So have no fear for Britain's men,
For Hearts of Oak will never bend.

Hearts of Oak, your deeds we know,
And when you're through we'll loyally
show
How we honor your wounded, dead;
To make life brighter where'er you
tread.
Brave Hearts of Oak, how gloriously
Your sons have fought on land and
sea;
The Allies in each foreign land
All welcome you with ready hand.

Hearts of Oak we know will win,
With Uncle Sam now sailing in;
Then we'll hear—and gladly greet—
The Victory Song along the street.
Guide us, O God — our hearts keep true
To the boys who fight for peace and You;
For Hearts of Oak will never bend,
But fight for Truth until the end.

Lest You Forget

(A Message to the Boy Leaving for the Front.)

Listen, Boy! you're about to part
From the girl you call "my sweetheart;"
Her prayers will be, both day and night,
For God's blessing, to lead you right;
Her thoughts will be far o'er the sea,
That she may watch and comfort thee.

Should you in action have time to pause—
When striking the blow for Freedom's cause—
Just think of the girl you left behind,
So brave, no noble, gentle and kind.

Listen, Boy! keep this in your mind:
There's only *one* girl—you left behind,
Doing *her* bit for her boy far away,
Working so hard for your welfare each day;
So keep her love deep in your heart,
'Twill give you strength to do *your* part.
Think of the day when the Victory's won,
And Uncle Sam greets you: "Boy, well done!"
But the greatest reward of all will be,
Love's glad welcome from your girl to thee.

The Wanderer

(A Tribute to the Berkeley Defense Corps.)

I've wandered here and wandered there,
In fact I've wandered everywhere;
But since I've wandered 'neath this dome,
It seems as though I've wandered home.
The welcome hand, the cheery smile—
'Tis worth while wandering many a mile.
And then the songs we love to sing—
When our leader makes the rafters ring—
Stir up the soul for the better life,
And help to kill all thought of strife.
Another thing that brings great joys
Is the way you stand behind the boys.

With voice and purse you're always there,
Ready to do an American's share.
And the loyalty to our Nation's flag
Warms my heart, and makes me glad.
I've wandered here and wandered there,
Yet in all my wanderings anywhere
No better men have I ever met;
And wandering here I'll ne'er regret.
So I think I'll never wander more,
But work right here with the B. D. Corps.

The Fallen Soldiers

In Memoriam.

Immortal soldiers! Immortal men!
Your sacrifice brought Peace again;
Peace to the world for Brotherhood,
Because you fought and bled—yet
stood
Grimly facing the world's great curse,
Knowing full well 'twould be far worse
If you faltered in the withering stride
To save the world—to turn the tide.

Soldiers of Justice! Soldiers of Right!
Your righteousness has won the fight.
The world will honor your glorious
star
For the noble way you crossed the bar:

No thought of self—'twas a Christian
deed,
And by your act you've sown the seed
Of Brotherhood, goodwill to men,
That o'er the earth just peace might
reign.

Sleep on, beloved soldiers, sleep.
May the God of Peace your memory
keep.

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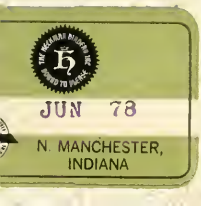
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